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GAMBLING AND EMBEZZLEMENT.

It seems that of 114 embezzlements which have come to public notice in Chicago since Jan. 1 last, 103 were due to gambling and a large percentage of these to playing the races.

In these figures is contained one of the strongest possible indictments of the pool-rooms. The theory of their corrupting influence has been well established. It has been well understood that much of the money lost there and in the ring at the track has been money improperly used for betting—funds abstracted from cash drawers or "borrowed" surreptitiously overnight with the expectation of repaying the loan with winnings that fail to materialize. The circumstantial evidence of the pool-room's evil work was sufficiently ample as it was.

But here are the facts themselves for full corroboration. They furnish painful revelations of a dishonesty which is all the more regrettable by reason of the causes leading up to it.

The youth who plays the races knows well enough that when he deals with licensed bookmakers the chances are largely in their favor, while in the pool-room the odds are dead against him.

He is well aware of the enormous expense to which the bookmakers are put before any profit is in sight, expense which they count on clearing with a single book. He knows that the winnings of the "Pittsburg Phils" are made good in the end by the losses of the betting public. But with fatuous confidence in his luck he "borrows" and bets until the borrowing becomes embezzlement and public dishonor.

There is a growing practice among business houses of having clerks watched and of discharging them when detected in the act of betting. The espionage seems objectionable, but in the light of the Chicago experience excusable. While entailing injustice on many it protects the employer against robbery.

THE HEALTH ALARMIST.

We have had our fears wrought upon by tales of the bacteria in "L" car straps, and microbes in household dust, and now the tuberculosis germs in sleeping car blankets are held up before our harrowed sensibilities. A member of the Kentucky State Board of Health tells the public through the Health Association at Washington that sleeping car blankets are cleaned only once in six months and that the cars themselves are "a potent factor in the transmission of consumption."

"A riot would follow the introduction of a leper into a railway car," he says, yet no precautions are taken against "the disease which kills a thousand where leprosy kills one."

The hygienic alarmist has cried "wolf" so often that when the animal comes down upon the fold it is probable that his real warning will pass unheeded. His "don'ts" are so comprehensive that there is hardly an article of food which is not within the category of forbidden things, and hardly an object that can be touched without risk of contamination. No surroundings in which man finds himself are wholly sanitary. Disease lurks there only awaiting the alarmist's coming to point it out and frighten with needless fears.

But what an unsatisfactory place of residence the world without microbes would be! There would be no taste in cheese, no bouquet to wine, and an absolutely pure water would be a beverage to avoid. Those who desire to anticipate such a state of things by seeking to lead an antiseptic existence borrow needless trouble. With them credulity becomes father to fears that make life hardly worth living.

It is better not to be than to be so afraid.

INVALID AMERICAN GIRLS.

One of the addresses at the seventh annual convention of the New York State Assembly of Mothers on Tuesday was made by Dr. Mara Pratt Chadwick, who declared that "America is a country full of invalids."

One might have thought that between patent medicines and health foods we were keeping rather well, better, indeed, than our grandfathers, but it seems not. But apparently it is the fair sex Dr. Chadwick had in mind in making the observation, for she further declared that "the real splendid healthy woman is almost extinct."

Men who take habitual notice of the eternal feminine and study her various phases have become aware of this degeneration of her physique.

They have observed it among the girls who tramp over sodden golf links in the rain, playing a game many men cannot match. They have observed it in the girls who go in for walking, or driving, or riding to hounds, and in the tall, straight, athletic-looking women seen on Fifth avenue of an afternoon. They detect it in the automobile girl behind her goggles as she puts on the fourth speed and dashes along the country road with a firm hand on the lever and never a suggestion of "nerves." They see it in the alert and quick-stepping troop of girls on their way to store and shop in the morning.

It confirms them in the belief that the American girl as she exists to-day is an exhibit of fine physique of which we may be proud.

THE CITY'S GROWTH.

A prisoner released from twenty-nine years of confinement in Sing Sing and back in New York once more confesses himself a babe in the wilderness of stone and steel that has grown up in his absence. He went away before the skyscrapers came and he returns at a time when they spring up like mushrooms.

Indeed, if Gill were returning only from two years on the "Island" he would be justified in thinking he saw a new New York before him. If on leaving the train at the Central station he walked west to Broadway and looked about he would see two massive and beautiful new hotels approaching completion, types of hotel of which in architectural elaboration there was until recently no example.

He would see within a stone's throw four new theatres surpassing in richness of decoration anything the city has known. Further uptown on lots where the goats browsed he would find tall apartment-houses, Parisian in appointments and in price. In West Thirty-second street he could contemplate several acres of demolished houses, perhaps fifty in all, making room for a colossal railway station. In he multiplied this area by ten he would get some conception of the extent of a year's demolition of old houses to give place to new.

It is a very wonderful transformation and the bewilderment of the man from Sing Sing is not surprising.

Little Boy Black. & & & He Meets Santa Claus in a Street Car. & & & &



The Man You Don't Want To Love.

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith.

If you are twenty-five, you have probably met your "fate" two or three times, and for weeks or months, as the case may be, have lived in the primrose world that the first finding of one's fate reveals. And then your "fate" has been a bore, or you have bored him—it doesn't much matter which—and you have decided that he is not your "fate"—not an affinity even—but just a very common-place young man.

Your "fate" is not necessarily a dangerous person. To be eligible to the title he must be young, romantic in appearance, and must have a sufficiency of the world's goods to make it unnecessary for you to hesitate before pronouncing him after a half week's acquaintance the one man of all others destined to make you happy. When you have met such a man it is natural for you to want to love him, if only because of his eminent suitability. It is also natural for you not to be able to do so, but to turn from his patent unfitness to another of obvious ineligibility—to the Man You Don't Want to Love.

There are usually so many reasons why you don't want to love him—reasons as indisputable and as unanswerable as the fact that you do. Perhaps he is poor. You have always known that even with one's "fate" it would be altogether horrible to be poor. Still the man you don't want to love makes such a pleasing jest of his poverty that you feel sure you would share it with him and still see its humor. But, of course, you will never find out about that. For he is the Man You Don't Want to Love.

Or there are other reasons. Perhaps the Man You Don't Want to Love has a past—not of the neutral, unobtrusive shade permissible in a gentleman's past or of the waistcoat, but something lurid, flamboyant as Joseph's coat of many colors. You would not have permitted your "fate" to have such a thing. But in this particular case you think with more worldliness than wisdom that it is better to marry a man with a past than one with a future. That is, it would be better. For, of course, you could never think of marrying the Man You Don't Want to Love.

To be sure, he has put his past resolutely behind him—and that seems to you, in your inexperience, the logical place for a past to be. But it does not seem to your friends and his, a goodly number of persons who keep constantly before you the many failings of the Man You Don't Want to Love and the many reasons why you don't want to love him. Those of your friends who are foolish tell you of the man's many stumblings by the wayside. They warn you of your danger frequently, and you assure them that their warnings are quite unnecessary. Later you assure yourself of the same thing. And you smile frankly at the humor of marrying him, wistfully at the lingering thought of it. And when the smile ends you are no longer sure that he is the Man You Don't Want to Love.

Those of your friends who are wise don't tell you of his shortcomings. They dwell rather on the man's utter unworthiness. What can a girl like you—of your mind, your beauty, your social position—see in him, they wonder. And sometimes, led by the subtle force, you too wonder. And for that moment you are really estranged from the Man You Don't Want to Love.

But in the end all these things are swept away, as the desert sand before the hurricane, as drifting wreckage before a freshening sea.

For in the midst of dull gray days or frosty twilight and of pallid dawn the heavens open. The universe flowers out of season like a Christmas rose. For the Man You Don't Want to Love has told you He Loves You.

THAT'S DIFFERENT.

Shopper—But isn't it a good deal for a chair like that. I have never paid more than \$4.50.

Salesman—But this was marked down from \$5.25.

Shopper—Oh, well, I guess I'll take it.

—Boston Transcript.

The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Takes Miss Sixfoot for a Nice High-Toned, Exclusive Ride in a Fifth Avenue Stage.



ECONOMY.



DOMESTIC AFFAIR.



AS EXPLAINED.



INFORMATION.



The Man Higher Up.

The Spectacular Campaign of 1903.

"I HAVEN'T seen a hotter campaign in a long time," remarked the Cigar Store Man. "It isn't so hot," said the Man Higher Up, "but the appurtenances and scenery carried by the office-seekers make it spectacular. It is getting to a stage in New York where a candidate will not be acceptable unless he can double in brass, do a handstand with his overcoat on, and give exhibitions in ventriloquism and parlor magic. I look for the time when a candidate will be billed about as follows:

For Mayor!
HERMAN LUIGI ABRAHAM O'BRIEN!!
Under the Personal Direction of Charles Frohman!!!
Spectacular Effects by David Belasco!!!!
Spotlights and Other Lights by Edison!!!!
Costumes by All the Big Stores. Wigs by Heppner!!!!
!!! Music Arranged by Victor Herbert and John Philip Sousa!!!
Chorus of 300 Under the Personal Direction of Julian Mitchell and Ben Teal!!!!

"There was a time when a man running for office considered it his play to act down to the level of a common slob. When he entered the hall he hid his half-smoked butt behind a piece of scenery. He listened to a selection by a band that would have to prove an alibi if it was accused of being a sawmill, and then sailed in to capture the populace by eloquence. In those days a candidate who did his billing in three colors was considered a second edition of P. T. Barnum.

"Take a peek at us to-day and look at the change. Instead of the old-time banner with the ticket painted on it by a man who needed the money more than he did the artistic effect we have enlarged cartoons by new masters, with calicums trained on them at night. Instead of signs in show windows reading 'Vote for George Washington Perkins, the Poor Man's Friend and the Orphans' Guide!' we have posters designed by the man who designed the Dewey arch.

"In the old days candidates used to skip around town in cabs and street cars; now they cover fifty miles a night in red automobiles, and carry their supporting companies with them. Everything is billed like a circus. If Seth Low wasn't a millionaire and former President of Columbia College his managers would insist that he make his entrance on a flying trapeze and throw a back somersault in the air before landing on the stage.

"George B. McClellan is making speeches in four languages. Bill Devery is making speeches in no language at all. William Travers Jerome is expected to give a comic monologue to every audience he goes against—and he comes close to doing it, at that. Bourke Cockran does verbal ground and lofty tumbling until not only his opponents but his hearers have to figure it all out with diagrams.

"Young Mr. Mack, who is running for the Assembly in the Twenty-fifth, makes his star play with an autograph letter commending his candidacy from Grover Cleveland. James Stetson Metcalf, Esq., up in the Nineteenth, has invented a two-story automobile with signs on it that makes a noise like a steam calliope and building an iron bridge combined. We may see Grout and Fomes doing a brother act in costume before election day."

"It all must cost a lot of money," said the Cigar Store Man. "Yes," agreed the Man Higher Up. "If it goes much further voters attending a political meeting will have to pay admission."

True Lover a Blunderer.

The man who is really in love never knows when, how or where to propose. This, young lady, you can take as a sure sign of the genuineness of love. The man will stutter and stammer, he will blush, he will appear uneasy, he will pay lame compliments, and he will be painfully conscious of the fact that they are lame. All this perturbation a man cannot assume; a girl with any sense can always tell. A man genuinely in love cannot "play" the object of his passion as a fisherman plays a trout. A man genuinely in love will do all sorts of rash things, and blunder about like a bull in a lady's boudoir; he will be indiscreet and tactless, clumsy and irritating to all about him.

LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

"Are You Single Through Choice?"

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I wish all unmarried women would put vanity aside and answer this question truthfully: "Are you single through choice?" Would you not have married had the right man proposed? I claim that you would, and that no woman desires the title of "old maid" or even of "bachelor girl," which has come to mean

the same thing. Let bachelor girls go—had occasion during the past ten years to visit nearly every large city in America. I find that the Gotham girl—the girl of my own home-city—is the home-leet of all. Where in Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Philadelphia or San Francisco I see ten beautiful girls I scarcely see five here. The prettiest girls at summer resorts are not New York girls. Why do I ask? Then I find

Nov. 2.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
What was the date of the Thursday prior to Election Day in the year 1857?

Finds Gotham Girls Homely.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I am a commercial traveller and have

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On what date did election day fall in the year 1897?

No.

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Can a Chinaman become a citizen of the United States? J. W. SHAWKINS

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